

## ATLANTIC

The Wreck of the White Star Steamer on Meagher's Rock.

## LOST AND SAVED.

560 Lives Lost Out of 978.

418 SOULS RESCUED.

## THE CALAMITY.

Awful Scenes When the Vessel Struck.

FRANTIC STRUGGLES FOR LIFE.

Death on the Rock, in the Rigging and the Sea.

## DESOLATION AT DAWN.

Perishing of All the Women and Children.

Rescue by the Fishermen—The Blackboard Signal.

"CHEER UP! THE BOATS ARE COMING."

Heroism and Endurance Amid the Terrors of the Wreck.

## TEN HOURS IN THE RIGGING.

Men Becoming Crazy on the Rock and Falling Into the Sea.

## THRILLING STORIES FROM SURVIVORS.

Statements by the Captain, First Officer, Chief Engineer, Quartermaster and Passengers.

Causes Assigned for the Fatal Mistake—Out-running Their Course—The Lights.

## THE SHORTNESS OF COAL.

One Hundred Bodies Recovered.

Bringing the Saved to Halifax—Destitution of the Passengers.

Investigation Ordered by the Canadian Government.

Alphabetical Lists of the Dead and Living.

## THE LONDON AGENT'S HEARTLESSNESS.

A Graphic Picture of the Awful Catastrophe.

Yesterday it became our painful duty to announce the loss of the White Star steamship *Atlantic*. The calamitous news fell upon the community with a stupefying effect. We could but say that a great ocean steamship had been lost, and that three-fourths of those on board had perished. Only two names out of those saved reached us. Aware that the most intense anxiety would prevail until all the sad truth of death had been made known, we obtained, through the *HERALD* Bureau in London, the fullest list possible of the passengers on board. From Halifax, N. S., we have procured the fullest possible list of the saved. From these lists, alphabetically arranged, the lost and saved will be seen at a glance. The particulars of the wreck, what happened before the disaster, the blunder that led to it, the striking on the rock, the scenes of terror and death that followed, are all depicted in our special despatches. In order to give the reader a clear idea of the scene of the wreck a map has been prepared. In another portion of the *HERALD* will be found the effects produced in this city by the ill-omened tidings. Dismay is but a feeble term to express the depth of the feelings of fear, sorrow and indignation which filled all classes. From the magnitude of the loss of life it will rank with the most deplorable catastrophes of the century.

## PARTICULARS OF THE DISASTER.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 2, 1873.  
The loss of the *Atlantic* marks another epoch in the history of the world's calamities. The community here is completely shocked

by this terrible calamity. Our Commissioner went on board of the steamer *Delta* and proceeded to the scene of the disaster, the Cunard line having directed the Captain where to go at once and render every assistance. The *Delta* was accompanied by the *Lady Head*, Captain Mattson, the Dominion cutter.

AT THE WRECK.  
They reached Meagher's Island at an early hour in the morning, which is some eighteen miles distant from Halifax. It is a wild, desolate, dreary spot, and the inhabitants obtain a livelihood by prosecuting the fisheries. It was very soon after daybreak the scene of the wreck was reached; nothing was visible of the noble steamer save the bow and part of the mainmasts and mainmasts. Miserable small boats and little fishing vessels were hovering about like the birds of prey. A steam tug from Halifax had reached the scene, and was puffing about in a busy way and accomplishing nothing. Captain Shaw brought the *Delta* to anchor in the bay, and the tug was despatched in quest of the survivors, who chiefly congregated at Lower Prospect, although many were scattered about the isle. The tug returned in the course of an hour with most of the cabin passengers and 150 of the steerage passengers and crew.

Captain Williams, of the ill-fated steamer, came and was greeted by Captain Shaw, who had leaped on board the tug, with the following remarks:—

"I represent the Cunard Company, who have despatched a steamer to the scene."

JUST BEFORE SHE STRUCK.  
On board the *Atlantic* the passengers retired to rest with bright hopes of home and the new land they were coming to, and little speculations were made as to what they would do in Halifax while waiting for coal. But, alas! their dreams were never to be realized in this world. Suddenly the ship struck, the second officer, Mr. Metcalf, being on duty. She thumped several times, being a very large and long ship, and then rolled over on her side. Of the thousand souls on board most of them were at rest. Those who could made the utmost speed to get on deck.

THE RUSH FOR LIFE.  
Hundreds of steerage passengers and many of the less vigorous in the saloon were unable to do so, as the water poured in immediately. Those who succeeded in gaining the deck mostly took to the rigging. Capt. Williams, who had been lying down for a few minutes' rest in his room, was promptly at hand and all the passengers agree that throughout the terrible scenes which followed he acted like a hero. It was utterly impossible to save any of the ladies, although strenuous efforts were made to do so. Captain Williams conveyed Mrs. Merritt and her sister to the lifeboat; but, finding it impracticable to launch her, he placed them in the rigging. They were lost, as were also every woman and child on board. Among the many sad incidents of this terrible calamity was the death of Mr. Price, who perished upon the side of the vessel from exposure.

BEHAVIOR OF THE LADIES.  
The ladies behaved with the utmost heroism. No outcry was heard from them as they perished. Mother and daughter parted from each other in silent agony. Mr. Fisher's wife besought him to save himself, but he refused to leave her, saying, "I shall remain by you. We shall meet in another and a better world." They were both lost.

NO CHILDREN SAVED.  
One of the keenest regrets that seems to be felt by the officers and saloon passengers is that no lady or child was saved. They fear that it will look selfish upon their part; yet the only woman that they succeeded in placing in the rigging, the first officer very nearly lost his life in staying by her until she was a corpse. One young man (Mr. Wellington), who had been travelling in Europe for the past five months, and who was bringing home a valuable collection of books, photographs, trinkets, etc., and was returning to his friends in Boston, was never seen after the vessel struck, and was probably drowned in his state room. Another gentleman—Mr. Sumner, of San Francisco—who was also returning from a trip of several months through Europe, and who was the most general favorite and most accomplished gentleman on board, found a watery grave.

THE SAILORS BEHAVE OUTRAGEOUSLY.  
The sailors, who were mostly Liverpool men, behaved outrageously. The body of Mrs. Fisher was found, and some find in human form had smashed her finger with a rock to wrench from it her wedding ring. Purser Washington had a complete list of the passengers, but he perished with the cold while clinging to the wreck.

SIXTY BODIES RECOVERED.  
When the *Delta* left the scene some sixty bodies had been recovered, among them those of Mrs. Fisher and Miss Mary Merritt.

Mr. Markwald will remain by the wreck and take care of the bodies of his companions of the saloon, so far as they may be recovered. The total number lost now foots up to 560; saved 418.

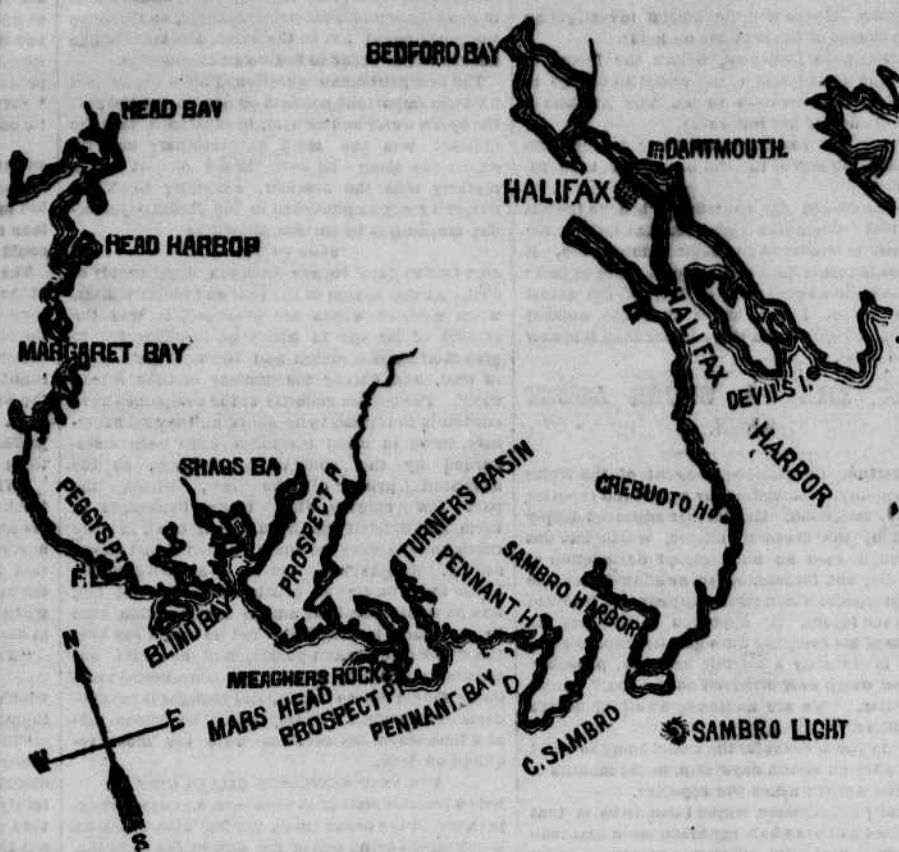
Messrs. S. Cunard & Co. provided every comfort for the rescued. The steerage passengers are now in good quarters.

The following resolution was passed by the cabin passengers:—

We, the rescued passengers of the unfortunate steamer *Atlantic*, desire to express our gratitude and respect for the noble conduct exhibited by

## SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

The Atlantic Coast in the Vicinity of Halifax Harbor, Showing Mars Head and Meagher's Rock.



Prospect Point, at the extreme southern end of a long peninsula which forms the western boundary of Pennant Bay, is twenty-two miles to the west-northwest of Sambro Light. Mars Head is a huge mass of rock, which rises seventy feet above high water, just outside of the mainland. The waters in the vicinity are thickly studded with rocky shoals and islands. Meagher's Rock, on which the *Atlantic* was wrecked, is one of those treacherous rocks lying off to the southwest.

Captain Williams and all his officers during the terrible scenes which ensued at the wreck of the steamer on the coast of Nova Scotia.

The steamer is a total wreck and is broken in two. Divers are on the spot for the purpose of recovering as much of the cargo as can be saved.

RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS.  
Early this morning the Dominion government steamer *Lady Head*, Captain Mattson; the Cunard steamer *Delta*, Captain Shaw, and the steam tug *Goliath*, Captain Jones, left the city for the scene of the wreck of the *White Star* steamer *Atlantic*, at Prospect, to render such assistance as they could.

The *Lady Head* had on board a number of Custom House officers, and the *Delta's* party included several newspaper reporters. The start was made about three o'clock, so that the steamers might reach the scene immediately after daylight. As the morning broke the steamers approached Prospect, and those on board quickly learned the whereabouts of the ill-fated *Atlantic* from the presence around her of a large fleet of fishing schooners and small boats.

THE LOCALITY  
is one that a mariner would be disposed to give a wide berth to if possible, the shore being a succession of large beds of rock with dangerous shoals running out for some distance, while the bay is studded with innumerable islands, large and small, all of solid rock, with scarcely a sign of vegetation or soil for anything to grow on. Yet frowning and dangerous as the place was there was grandeur and beauty in the scene on this bright morning, when the angry waves were beating against the rocks and enveloping the shore almost continually in clouds of glistening spray; but the terrible story of the shipwreck absorbed too much of the attention of those on board the relieving steamers to allow them to spend many minutes in admiring the beauties of nature.

THE BUSINESS OF THE VESSELS  
was to get on board the passengers and others who had been rescued from the wreck and put them on shore, where, with such a large number, such a small place, not even the large-hearted generosity and kindness of the fishermen could be expected to make them comfortable.

The *Delta* and the *Lady Head*, being unable to venture near the shore, came to anchor and the *Goliath*, with a life boat, went in to embark the shipwrecked people. No time was lost; the *Goliath* and the boats soon returned filled with men, who proceeded to get on board the *Delta*. And such a motley party! Falstaff's ragged regiment were well attired and respectable looking compared to these English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, German, Dutch, Norwegian, Swedes, Swiss—indeed, representatives of every country in Europe and of the United States of America were huddled together, talking, laughing, crying, praying and thanksgiving, producing

A CONFUSION OF TONGUES  
of the most confused character. Scarcely one-half of them had a complete and respectable looking suit of clothes. The wealthy merchant of London and New York, the high-toned professional gentleman and the lowest of the foreign emigrants appeared in clothing, much of which had been given them by the good people of Prospect. Some were without coats, many without hats, others without boots and all had to mourn the absence of some comfort in the clothing line. Expensive broadcloth blended with the rough Guernsey jacket on the one person. Here was an aristocratic-looking man striving to make himself

at home under a dilapidated-looking overcoat that had probably done duty in days of yore on the back of more than one hardy fisherman of the place, while at the same time he made desperate efforts to get on his benumbed hands a pair of lavender kid gloves. He had a preference for kid as a rule, no doubt, but at that particular moment he was gazing enviously on a half-forgotten-to-death Dutchman, who sported a prodigious pair of wool mitts, which did great credit to the skill and sense of the fisherman's pretty daughter, who had given them to him.

But why continue the story? The scene after what I have written may be more easily imagined than described. All were warmly welcomed on board the *Delta* by Captain Shaw and his officers, who spared no pains to make them as comfortable as possible.

The *Goliath* returned to the shore and was soon back again with just such a crowd as the previous one. There were several

AFFECTING SCENES  
on the *Delta* as the passengers were collecting in her from the different points where they had been stopping. Friends who had separated from each other after the *Atlantic* struck and never expected to meet again in this world, were brought face to face in the *Delta's* cabin, where they grasped hands and wept for joy, and returned thanks to Him who spared them, while so many of their fellows had been sent into eternity. By twelve o'clock all those who had reached the shore safely were, excepting an officer and four men who remained, and those who walked inland, taken on board the steamers *Delta* and *Lady Head*, the former having about 330 and the latter 77.

## STATEMENTS OF SURVIVORS.

## The Captain's Statement.

The following is the Captain's statement:—We sailed from Liverpool March 20. During the first part of the passage had favorable weather and easterly winds. On the 24th, 25th and 26th experienced heavy southwest and westerly gales, which brought the ship down to 118 miles a day. On the 31st of March the engineer's report showed but about one hundred and twenty-seven tons of coal on board. We were then 460 miles east of Sandy Hook, with wind southwest and high westerly swell and falling barometer. The ship steaming only eight knots per hour; considered the risk too great to push on, as we might find ourselves, in the event of a gale, shut out from any port of supply, and so decided to bear up for Halifax. At one P. M., 31st, Sambro Island was distant 170 miles; ship's speed varying from eight to twelve knots per hour; wind south, with rain, which veered to westward at eight P. M., with clear weather. At midnight I judged the ship to have made 122 miles, which would place her 48 miles south of Sambro, and I then left the deck and went into the chart room, leaving orders about the lookout, and to let me know if they saw anything, and call me at three A. M., intending then to put the ship's head to the southward and await daylight.

My first intimation of the catastrophe was the striking of the ship on Mars' Island and remaining there fast. The sea immediately swept away all the port boats. The officers went to their stations and commenced clearing away the weather boats. Rockets were fired by the second officer. Before the boats could be cleared—only ten minutes having elapsed—the ship heeled heavily to port, rendering the starboard boats useless. Seeing that

NO HELP COULD BE GOT FROM THE BOATS

I got the passengers into the rigging and outside the rails and encouraged them to go forward, where the ship was highest and less exposed to the water. The third officer, Mr. Brady; Quartermasters Owens and Speakman by this time having established communication with the outlying rock, about forty yards distant by measure of a line, got four other lines to the rock, along which about two hundred people passed. Between the rock and the shore was a passage 100 yards wide. A rope was successfully passed across this, by which means about fifty got to the land, though many were drowned in the attempt. At five A. M. the first boat appeared from the island, but she was too small to be of any assistance. Through the exertions of Mr. Brady, the third officer, the islanders were aroused, and by six A. M. three larger

## BOATS CAME TO OUR ASSISTANCE.

By their efforts all that remained on the side of the ship and on the rock were landed in safety and cared for by a poor fisherman named Clancy and his daughter. During the day the survivors, to the number of 429, were drafted off to the various houses scattered about, the resident Magistrate, Edmund Ryan, rendering valuable assistance. The chief officer having got up the mizzen rigging, the sea cut off his retreat. He stood for six hours by a woman who had been placed in the rigging. The sea was too high to attempt his rescue. At three P. M. a clergyman, Rev. Mr. Ancient, succeeded in getting him a line and getting him off. Many of the passengers, saloon and steerage, died in the rigging from cold; among the number the Purser of the ship.

## LADIES PUT IN THE BOATS.

Before the boats went out I placed two ladies in the life-boat, but finding the boat useless, carried them to the main rigging, where I left them and went aft to encourage others to go forward on the side of the ship. At this juncture the boilers exploded and the boat rolled over to leeward, the ship at this time being on her beam ends. Finding myself useless there I went to take the ladies forward, but found them gone, nor did I see them afterwards. Many passengers at this time could not be stimulated to any effort to save themselves, but lay in the rigging and

## DIED FROM FRIGHT AND EXPOSURE.

I remained on the side encouraging, helping and directing until about fifteen were landed, when finding that my hands and legs were becoming useless I left the ship, two other boats being close to, and embarked the remainder. On reaching the shore I despatched Mr. Brady, third officer, off to Halifax, across the country, to telegraph the news of the disaster and to obtain assistance. Mr. Marrow, the Cunard line agent, promptly responded, and sent two steamers, with provisions, to convey the survivors to Halifax, where they will be cared for and forwarded to New York the first opportunity in charge of the first and fourth officers, the third officer and four men being left at the island to care for the dead as they come ashore. Captain Sheridan, diver, has received provisional authority as to the salvage of the cargo and materials.

The second officer was lost with No. 30 life-boat.

## The Chief Officer's Statement.

J. W. Firth, chief officer of the *Atlantic*, in reply to the reporter's questions, made a statement in substance as follows:—

My watch ended at twelve o'clock on Monday night. The second and fourth officers took charge, and I went to my berth. I was aroused by the shock of the vessel striking. The second officer came down to my room and said the ship was ashore and he was afraid she was gone. I put on a few articles of clothing, got an axe and went on deck to clear the boats. The ship had careened over before I reached the deck. I cleared the two starboard boats. Just then a heavy sea swept the boats away. I was holding fast to the mizzenmast rigging and now climbed higher for safety. The night was so dark and the spray blew so thickly that we could not see well what was going on around us. I saw men on the rocks, but did not know how they got there. All who were alive on board were in the rigging.

## WHEN DAYLIGHT CAME

I counted thirty-two persons in the mizzenmast rigging with me, including one woman. When these saw that there were lines between the ship and the shore many of them attempted to go forward to the lines, and in doing so were washed overboard and drowned. Many reached the shore by the aid of the lines, and the fishermen's boats rescued many more. At last all had either been washed off or rescued except myself, the woman and a boy. The sea had become so rough that the boats could not venture near us. Soon the boy was washed off, but he swam gallantly and reached one of the boats in safety. I got a firm hold of the woman and secured her in the rigging. I could see the people on shore and in the boats, and could hail them, but they were unable to help us. At two o'clock in the afternoon, after we had been

## IN THE RIGGING TEN HOURS,

the Rev. Mr. Ancient, a Church of England clergyman, whose noble conduct I can never

forget while I live, got a crew of four men to row him out to the wreck. He got into the main rigging and procured a line, then advanced as far as he could towards me and threw it to me. I caught it, made it fast around my body and then jumped clear. A sea swept me off the wreck, but Mr. Ancient held fast to the line, pulled me back and got me safely in the boat. I was then so exhausted and benumbed that I was hardly able to do anything for myself, and but for the clergyman's gallant conduct I must have perished soon. The woman, after bearing up with remarkable strength under her great trials, had died two hours before Mr. Ancient arrived. Her half nude body was still fast in the rigging, her eyes protruding, her mouth foaming.

A TERRIBLY GHOSTLY SPECTACLE,  
rendered more ghastly by the contrast with numerous jewels which sparkled on her hands. We had to leave her body there, and it is probably there yet. The scene at the wreck was an awful one, such as I had never before witnessed and hope never to witness again. Comparatively few bodies drifted ashore; most of them, with such articles as came out of the ship while I was on her, were carried out to sea.

## Statement of a Cabin Passenger.

Freeman D. Markwald, of New York, a cabin passenger, was interviewed by a *Chronicle* reporter and stated:—I turned into my berth at nine o'clock on Monday night and was aroused by the shock of the ship striking. All the men in the cabin rushed on deck to see what was wrong. I went into the saloon on deck and observed by a clock that the time was three o'clock and twenty minutes. Rockets were being fired from the steamer. Within fifteen minutes from the time the ship struck she careened over. The Captain, who, with his officers, behaved bravely, cried out, "Take to the rigging; it's your last chance." At daybreak the fisherman's boat came out and rescued a number of us and landed us on Meagher Island.

## HOSPITALITY OF THE FISHERMEN.

The handful of people on the island warmly welcomed us, gave us food and clothing, and did all for us that they could. Edmund Ryan, a magistrate, and Dennis Ryan and their wives were especially active in ministering to our wants.

## NAMES OF THE BRAVE SAVIORS.

There were three boats' crews whose names deserve a high place on the roll of honor; the first boat was manned by Dennis Ryan, James Collin, Frank Ryan, John Blackburn and Benjamin Blackburn; the second by James O'Brien, Michael O'Brien, Patrick Dollard, William Lairy and T. J. Torg. I regret that I have not the names of the other crew. To these men belong chiefly the credit of having, at the risk of their own lives, rescued from a terrible death over four hundred souls. They, as well as several others of whose bravery I have heard, should certainly receive some reward for their noble conduct. Among the passengers coming up in the *Delta* there were ringing praises of the gallant trio of boats' crews already referred to; of Rev. Mr. Ancient, who rescued the perishing chief officer; of Third Officer Brady and of Quartermasters Speakman and Owens, who first established communication with the shore.

The kindness of the Prospect people was also universally acknowledged and praised.

## The Reason Why.

"Captain Williams," said the reporter, "to what cause do you ascribe the disaster?"

"I can hardly say," replied the Captain, "unless it was because we had overrun our distance. I thought we were going about eleven knots, but the speed must have been greater than that, or we could never have got so far out of our course."

## THE CAPTAIN'S GRIEF.

The Captain was serious and composed, yet at intervals when some particularly harrowing incident was being mentioned he broke down and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow. Once he said to the reporter—"Think that while hundreds of men were saved every woman should have perished; it's horrible! If I had been able to save even one woman I could bear the disaster; but, to lose all, it's terrible, terrible!" He seemed to fully realize that the world would hold him to a strict account for the disaster, and that whether he was blameless or culpable he would, by many, be held responsible.

## THE COMMANDER OF THE ATLANTIC.

Captain Williams, is a stout-built Englishman, of about forty-five years of age, who has followed the sea for many years. He was for a long time a captain in the *Guion* line. For upwards of a year he has been in the *White Star* service; first as chief officer of the *Celtic*, and latterly, for two voyages, as captain of the *Atlantic*. He met with an accident a short time ago which disabled him to a certain extent, and recently he has been compelled to use a stick and abstain from great exertion. Notwithstanding this, however, he so conducted himself at the trying time as to win the highest commendations from the passengers.

## THE BODIES FOUND.

When the *Delta* left at half-past twelve P. M. yesterday between sixty and seventy bodies had been washed ashore and were lying on the beach. Mr. Markwald, of New York, will stay to look after bodies of cabin passengers, and will send the American ones home, if possible.

CONTINUED ON NINTH PAGE.